

Gone with the Pins.

Where is the thrill of last night's fear?
Where is the stain of last week's tear?
Where is the tooth that ached last night?
Gone where the lost pins go to;
For last night's riddle is all made plain,
The sunshine laughs at the long-past rain.
And the tooth that ached last night's pain—
That's what our troubles grow to,
Where are the clothes we used to wear?
Where are the burdens we used to bear?
Where is the bald-head's curling hair?
Gone where the pins disappear to;
For the style has changed and the clothes are new,
The skies are wearing a brighter blue,
And the hair doesn't snarl as it used to do,
And the parting has grown more clear, too.
Where are the bills that our peace distressed?
Where is the pin that the baby "blessed"?
Where are the doves in last year's nest?
Where have the pins all gone to?
On the old bills are the new ones thrown,
The baby's at school with her pins outgrown,
And the squabs are running a nest of their own—
You can't bring 'em back if you want to.

We can stand the smart of yesterday,
To-day's worse ills we can drive away;
What was and is brings no dismay
For past and present sorrow:
But the burdens that make us groan and sweat,
The troubles that make us fume and fret,
Are the things that haven't happened yet—
The pins we'll find to-morrow.

The Scout's Escape.

In June, 1887, while Gen. Custer, with his command, was at the forks of the Republican River, in western Kansas, and the Indian war had fairly begun, I was doing duty with several others as a scout. On the morning of the 19th a young man named Robinson reached the camp and reported that he, with three others had been hunting to the west of us, and had been stampeded by the Sioux Indians. One had been killed, as he believed, while the others had made a dash for it and scattered, each taking his own course. Robinson had blundered upon our camp after riding all night.

Custer was at this time hopeful of making peace with the redskins, and the camp at the forks would be permanent for at least a fortnight. It was with this understanding of the situation that I set out with Robinson, after he had had an all-day's rest, to hunt up his stampeded companions and bring them in. We left camp just after dark, both of us heavily armed, and rode straight to the west. As I never saw Robinson under fire I was more anxious than if one of my fellow scouts had been with me, but in the course of a couple hours I made up my mind that he had plenty of nerve and could be depended on. As near as he could judge his party was thirty miles west of the forks when stampeded. At midnight, after an easy canter of five hours, we halted, dismounted, and went into camp for the remainder of the night, believing we were close upon the spot where the hunters were attacked. Both of us slept from that hour until just before sunrise.

As the traits and characteristics of the red men are under discussion, I shall relate some particulars which might otherwise be suppressed. We had a cold bite for breakfast, and had scarcely mounted our horses when we caught sight of the carcass of a horse lying on the plains about a quarter of a mile away. As soon as we reached it Robinson identified the animal as having been the one he saw fall at the stampede. Its rider was a man named McHenry, who had previously been employed as a civilian at Fort Larned. The buzzards and wolves had been at the carcass, but we made out that the horse had received three bullets and dropped in his tracks. Saddle, bridle, and all other portable property had been removed. Robinson estimated that the attacking party numbered forty. After half an hour's search I put the number at twenty. He believed that all who dashed away were pursued. I found that none of them had been followed over half a mile.

Had McHenry been killed or seriously wounded by the volley which killed his horse, his body would have been found lying beside the carcass. As it was not, I reasoned that he had been captured unhurt and taken away a prisoner. The trail of the Indians led to the north, as if making for the south fork of the Platte River, and we followed it at a cautious pace. At the end of five miles we came to the spot where the band had encamped for the night. It was on the banks of a small creek, in a scattered grove, and the first thing we saw was the dead body of McHenry. The Sioux chiefs had declared their anxiety for peace, and were professing the greatest friendship for the soldiers. Indeed, Pawnee-Killer had visited Custer to shake hands and sign a declaration of peace. While the old hypocrite was declaring and protesting his whole tribe was making ready for war and indulging in atrocities. While the big chief was "how-howing" in Custer's camp and declaring his love for the white man, one of his bands, only thirty miles away, was subjecting a hunter to the most agonizing tortures. They cut out his tongue, blew powder into his body, cut off his toes, broke all his fingers, picked him with knives, and finally ended by scalping him. He must have suffered for many hours before death finally came as a glad relief.

The body was not yet cold when we found it, and there were evidences that the Indians had not been gone more than an hour.

Of the two who stampeded and got clear, one went to the northeast and the other to the northwest. Robinson had held due north and thus reached our camp, although he was not aware of its location. We took up the trail of the one going to the northeast, believing that he was in the greatest danger. He went at a wild pace for at least ten miles, never seeming to have looked back and discovered that pursuit had been abandoned, or to have turned to the right or the left, to throw the redskins off his route after darkness came. It took us three hours to cover the distance he rode in one, as we expected to see Indians at any moment. About twelve miles from the spot where we found McHenry's horse we came upon that of Jackson, whom we were following to the northeast. The wild ride had exhausted the animal, and as he fell down, Jackson had abandoned him and pushed along on foot. The animal was on his feet and grazing as we found him, but so lame that he could scarcely move. We removed the saddle and blankets, and found Jackson's revolvers in the holsters.

From this point we had no trail to guide us, and the ground was badly cut up with ridges and washouts. We rode forward during the rest of the day, hoping to overtake the man, and neglecting no precaution to insure our own safety. Just at sundown we followed a dry gully up a long ridge and debauched from it, seeing a sight which for the moment appeared to be an optical delusion. There were Indians on our right, on our left, in front, and I turned in my saddle to see other Indians closing in behind us. As we halted and looked around us many of the redskins expressed their humor by grunts. They had probably been riding to the right and left of us for hours, and had finally formed this *cui de sac* for us to ride into. It was, taking a great deal of pains for nothing, but the Indian sometimes exhibits a queer vein of humor. They were not disappointed in thinking we would be surprised.

It was fully two minutes before a chief rode forward and said "How-how," and extended his hand to me, and as he did so the whole body closed in. I am so unfortunate as to be marked on the left temple with that birth-mark known as a wine stain, the spot being as large as a silver dollar. My hat was well up and my hair back as the chief rode up, and the instant he noticed the mark he let go my hand and said something to those crowding up. Pretty soon he pushed in and touched my face, perhaps thinking the mark to be a wound or sore. Others did the same, and when they found that it was part of the skin they expressed much wonder and reverence.

When I had served as a scout only a few months, I knew considerable of Indian character, and was not long in realizing that I had made a hit. While no violence was offered us, we were disarmed and our horses were led behind the ponies of the Indians, as we moved off to the east. We traveled until about midnight before halting, and then reached an Indian village on Soldier Creek. As we descended from our horses, Robinson was led off by two warriors, while I was conducted to the wigwam of Red Trail, a sub-chief in command during Pawnee-Killer's absence. I had been busy planning during the ride, and had made my mind to pretend to be without the power of speech. I found opportunity to whisper to Robinson to pursue the same policy, but unfortunately he had not the nerve to carry out the idea. The fact of his being captured broke him all up. The recollection of what McHenry must have suffered unstrung his nerves, and I heard him begging and entreating as he was carried away.

Red Trail closely examined the mark on my face, and was as much mystified as the others. I still had a power in reserve. Having served through the war in the navy, it was but natural that I should carry a sailor's passport. On my left arm was a tattoo representing an anchor. This was seen as two warriors stripped my buckskin shirt off to look for further marks. Not an Indian in that camp had seen anything like the mark, and when the examination had been completed I felt sure that I was looked upon with awe and mystery, if not veneration. I was conducted to a tepee and motioned to turn in, and had every reason to congratulate myself on the plan I had pursued. I had made signs that I could not talk, and the information had been accepted.

Next morning Pawnee-Killer arrived in the village. He had agreed to surrender his tribe and go on a reservation, but it was bold-faced lying on his part. His very first move was to order the village to pack up and move back about twenty miles. This consumed the entire day. As we were ready to start I perceived my hands and legs were entirely free. I saw Robinson brought out, and he was loaded down with kettles and led by

a rope. At no time during the day was he near enough to exchange a word, but on several occasions I saw him kicked and beaten by the squaws and boys.

It was 9 o'clock in the evening, before I was taken into the presence of Pawnee-Killer. He seemed to have accepted the belief of the others, and, in less than a quarter of an hour, waved me out of his wigwam. I may state here what I learned two or three years later. It was the belief of the Indians that I had been struck by lightning as I slept, and that the fluid had left the two marks to prove that I was invulnerable. They further reasoned that I lost my speech at the same time, and was therefore an object of veneration. I was in no wise hampered or restricted, but I found shelter as soon as possible and was soon asleep. I wanted to do something for poor Robinson, but just how to do it I could not figure. The treatment accorded him during the day did not augur well for the future.

When morning came again I had a hearty breakfast; and then two old men armed with only bows and arrows, took me down the creek about a mile and then sat down on the grass. It was an hour or two before I could make out the significance of the move but I then heard sounds from the direction of the camp which satisfied me that Robinson was being put to torture. One of my guards soon left for the village, and an hour later the other suddenly rose, and without a word walked away in the same direction. Unable to make up my mind what to do I remained where I was during the entire day. In later years I learned from one of the warriors of the fate of Robinson. His tortures lasted nine hours. He first ran the gauntlet. Then he was tied to a stake, and every form of mutilation which the fiends could invent was practiced on his poor body. It was with great animation that my informant related how the poor fellow begged and cried and entreated—what wonderful vitality he had—how he could have been preserved an hour or two longer had not everybody grown tired of the sport. It was Pawnee-Killer himself, fresh from signing a treaty of peace, who exhibited the most fiendish spirit.

I had a much closer call than I knew. The two old men who took me out doubted that I was what the others took me for. They had some arrows made on purpose to kill witches and keep off bad spirits, and they were to take me off and see if these arrows would kill me. In going down the creek one of them came near stepping on a rattlesnake, and this was taken as a sign that they must not shoot. When they returned to the village and reported it was hoped that I would go away, and therefore no one came near me. As night fell I started off to the west, expecting every moment to be overhauled, putting in a good twenty miles before daylight. I was picked up by a scouting party of cavalry just before noon.

It was about three months after my escape before the Indians learned that I was a Government scout, and that they had been duped. Red Trail and Pawnee-Killer then offered five ponies each to the warrior who should bring in my scalp, and for the next year I was perhaps "wanted" more than any other man on the plains. It was a curious turn of affairs, that, while Red Trail had no less than five of his best warriors out on exhibition after me, I crept into his camp one night and secured his own scalp-lock, rifle and pony, and got away.

While Minnesota is one of the most healthy states in the Union, it is one of the worst for colds, owing to the severe winters. Many of the druggists there make it a rule to give their customers just what they call for: but when they come back and say it does no good they almost invariably recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, as will be seen by the following from Messrs. Wells & Schaefer, of Sanborn, Minn.: "We have recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy after other leading cough preparations have failed to do any good, and always with the best results. We can always rely upon that remedy, as it is sure to effect a cure. It has no equal for children; especially in cases of croup or whooping cough." 50 cents bottles for sale by H. C. Pierce, Druggist.

SCENERY ON THE DANUBE.

Every bend of the river is the opportunity for a castle, and as these were built about a thousand years ago, they are now highly picturesque for not practical monuments. The Rhine suffers seriously in comparison with the first five hundred miles of the Danube, but nowhere more than in this neighborhood, for not only has the Danube ruins as striking and extensive as those of the sister stream, but she has more of them. And what in our eyes adds still more to the charms of the Danube is the virginal character of its rock and forest—a rugged grandeur not yet vulgarized by villas and summer lodging-houses—and in addition the picturesque peasantry whom we see crowding the bridges at noon, laden with scythes, rakes and forks, stalking like an army of rebellious rustics out into the hay-fields after their mid-day dinner in the village home. The most secluded part of the Rhine between Mainz and Bonn has about it the flavor of being prepared for Saturday afternoon visit-

ors; is infected with the suburbanism, is pretty, but painfully self-conscious. The Danube, on the other hand, is more like a rustic and ruddy nymph, ignorant as yet of her charms. She disports herself where the average tourist does not pass; The Bedekers and Murrys have nothing to say of her many secluded nooks. It is only by water that her charms can be seen to advantage, for at times her banks are so steep and rocky that it is not possible to build a foot-path along the edge of the water.

Salvation Oil, the great pain-cure
Is what we use for bruise or sore,
Rheumatic pain, neuralgic ache,
Salvation Oil, "it takes the ache,"
Keep it on hand for conscience sake.
It is sold everywhere.

IT DID HAVE A SERIOUS LOOK.

There was once a man who had a wooden leg. The man was an officer in the Union army. He had lost his leg at Sharpsburg. But the wooden leg was such a good one that its owner still passed for a biped, even among some of his intimate friends.

One day a contraband negro, a runaway, strolled into camp, and the officer engaged him as his body servant. After looking long upon the wine one night at a little dinner, the officer came home to his tent. He called his contraband to help him pull off his boots.

"Now, Sam," he said, "be careful. One of these boots is tight, and it 'most pulls my leg out to get it off. Besides, I feel rather flimsy."

"I see allus keeful, boss," replied Sam, and he carefully removed the first boot.

When the contraband began to pull at the other boot the officer loosened the straps of the wooden leg a little. Sam pulled hard and things came with a rush.

"There! There! I told you to be careful," shouted the officer as the leg came off. "I was afraid you'd pull that leg off."

Sam saw the leg protruding from the top of the boot which he had pulled off. His eyes bulged out like a lobster's, and he yelled just once as he sprang for the door.

"Lemme go, lemme go!" he shrieked, as he dashed through the group outside. "I never done nuffin 'fore, Gwad, I never done nuffin!" And he was still yelling when he disappeared. They never saw him in camp again.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years, standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by H. C. Pierce, Druggist.

Did you ever notice, when a man smites his thumb with a hammer, while putting down a carpet under wisely supervision and criticism, how quickly he thrusts the bruised and throbbing member into his ready mouth? writes Robert J. Burdette in the Ladies' Home Journal. People think it is because the application is soothing. But no; it is an involuntary movement, same as winking. The man can't help it. Nature knows what the man would be apt to say under the circumstances, and as she has provided him with a stopper, and has ordained that whenever he hits his thumb hard enough to hurt—and it doesn't take very much to nearly kill a man when he is doing something he doesn't want to—by a sort of interlocking system the thumb flies into his mouth and stops him up, so that he can't say anything. Some men whom you and I know should be provided with an extra thumb which they might carry about in their hand all the time it wasn't in active use. It would be a great thing, wouldn't it?

SPECIMEN CASES.—S. H. Clifford, New Castle, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

So picturesque: Tillinghast—I am much interested, Miss Mildred, in securing the passage of uniform game laws. Mildred—Oh, wouldn't it be cute to see the ducks and the rabbits and the deer and other game wearing cunning little uniforms.

This is to express my sincere thanks for the benefit I have experienced from the use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. E. PURCELL, 129 Bridge St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dinah is fond of good living, but, strange to say, has an intense dislike for clams, and did not hesitate to make this fact known when called to ask a blessing. Dinah said: "O Lord, bless all these good vittles—all 'cept dem clams—you don't get any of dem inter me! Amen."

"Mother! mother! the winds are at play, prithee let me be idle to-day." All right, sonny, but if you are going to associate with the east wind, first go and buy a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Never knew he was so good.—St. Peter. Say, what's the matter with that wraith from Massachusetts? I just let him in and he has grown so stuck up that he won't speak to me. Familiar Shade—Oh, he has been down to the earth on a short visit and read the inscription on his tombstone!



THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER. My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is sold everywhere.

LANE'S MEDIGINE
All druggists sell it at 50c. and \$1.00 per package. Buy one today. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary.



There is 3 times as much STAR PLUG Tobacco chewed as there is of any other brand made. We manufacture more tobacco than any other factory in the world, which enables us to give tobacco consumers more for their money than any one else. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., St. Louis, Mo. A. R. Mitchell & Co., N. E. Agents.

Eating for Pleasure
is by no means so general as one might expect. Many folks eat from habit, others as a matter of duty, while the poor dyspeptic sustains himself mostly on the contemplation of what he cannot eat at all. The healthfulness of food is almost altogether a matter of preparation. The difference between food cooked with the new health food

COTTOLENE
and that cooked with hog's Lard is just this—one fills a long-felt want, the other causes a long-felt ache. The only thing against COTTOLENE is that it's new. But so were the sewing machine and the clothes wringer once on a time. Try COTTOLENE now. At leading grocers. Manufactured by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO. CHICAGO, and 5 Central Wharf, Boston.

New Clothing Store.
at
Barton Landing.
HOYT & HARRIS

Respectfully announce to the public of this county, and particularly to those of easy access to Barton Landing that they have opened a new store in Stafford's Block, devoted to the sale of

Clothing,
Gents' furnishing Goods,
Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
Rubber Goods,
Ladies' and Children's Shoes,
Underwear,
Trunks, Valises, etc. etc.

The stock is entirely new, of the latest styles and has been selected with great care, by a buyer of many years experience. By coming to us you will be sure that no dead stock or out of date goods are offered you. None but first quality goods handled. It is our purpose to give every buyer full value; to sell such goods at such prices that all customers will become permanent patrons. We put such prices on our goods as will move them out quickly and thus we are able to replenish our stock frequently and give our patrons all the time the benefit of the latest styles. Come and see us.

HOYT & HARRIS
Stafford's Block,
Barton Landing, Vermont.

THE
Twenty-Seventh
ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF THE
Connecticut General Life Insurance Co.,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.,
shows the following footings.

Receipts in 1891,	\$809,78
Disbursements in 1891,	290,20
Gross assets, Jan. 1, 1892,	2,233,90
Surplus, Mass. and Conn. Standard,	506,00

Chas. Graves, Special Agent
Barton, Vt.

C. P. Ewins, Special Agent
North Troy, Vt.

G. H. SMALLEY,
General Agt., 156 College St.
Burlington, Vt.

H. F. WILLEY, Barton Landing, Vt.

PATENTS
Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Modest Fees. Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office, and we can secure patent in less time than elsewhere from Washington. Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
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Estate of James M. Lindsay Commissioners' Notice
The undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Probate Court for the District of Orleans, Commissioners, to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of persons claiming to be entitled to the estate of James M. Lindsay, deceased, in said District, do hereby give notice that we will meet for the purpose aforesaid, at his late residence, in Greensboro, on the 30th day of March and the day of August next, from 1 o'clock, p.m. until 4 o'clock, p.m., each of said days, that six months from the 19th day of Feb. A. D. 1892 is the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims for examination and allowance.
Dated at Greensboro, this 4th day of March, A. D. 1892.
J. S. CLARY,
11-31 L. A. JACKSON, {Commissioners}

Estate of Garvin Anderson
STATE OF VERMONT, ORLEANS DISTRICT. In probate Court, held at Greensboro, in said District, on the 5th day of March, A. D. 1892.
C. J. Clifford, Administrator of the estate of Garvin Anderson, late of Glover said District deceased, makes application for license to sell the real estate of said deceased as follows to-wit:
All the real estate, situated within the state of Vermont, of which the said deceased died seized and possessed, representing a sale thereof is necessary to pay mortgages thereon and other debts of said estate. Whereupon it is ordered by said Court that said application be referred to a settlement to be held at the Probate Office at Barton Landing, on the 15th day of April, 1892, for hearing and decision thereon, and it is further ordered that notice hereof be given to all persons interested by publication of the same in a newspaper published at Barton Landing, a newspaper published at Barton Landing, Vermont, for the purpose aforesaid, at the late residence of the said Garvin Anderson, on the 25th day of March, A. D. 1892, from 1 o'clock, p.m. until 4 o'clock, p.m., each of said days, that six months from the 25th day of March, A. D. 1892, is the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims for examination and allowance.
Dated at Albany, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1892.
M. B. CHAFFY, {Commissioner}
13-15 I. T. PIERCE, {Commissioner}

Estate of John B. Hovey Commissioners' Notice
The undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Probate Court for the District of Orleans, Commissioners, to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of persons claiming to be entitled to the estate of John B. Hovey, late of Albany, in said District, deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet for the purpose aforesaid, at the late residence of the said John B. Hovey, on the 25th day of May and the day of August next, from 1 o'clock, p.m. until 4 o'clock, p.m., each of said days, that six months from the 25th day of May, A. D. 1892, is the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims for examination and allowance.
Dated at Albany, this 24th day of May, A. D. 1892.
M. B. CHAFFY, {Commissioner}
13-15 I. T. PIERCE, {Commissioner}